

THE
BRITISH FREEHOLDER,

A
T R A G E D Y.

AS PERFORMED

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS IN LONDON,
EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN.

(From) our
By J. JACKSON. *Acton*

PERSUADES HOC TIBI VERE,
MULTOS SAEPE VIRUS NULLIS MAJORIBUS ORTOS,
ET VIXISSE PROPOS, AMPLIS ET HONORIBUS AUCTOS.
HOR. Sat. vi. lib. 1.

D U B L I N:
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1796.



T O

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,
OF WYNNSTAY, BARONET;

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR DENBIGHSHIRE,
AND LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM
OF THE COUNTY OF MERIONETH.

S I R,

IN seeking for a Patron to the BRITISH FREEHOLDER, I cannot entertain one moment's doubt. Every circumstance announces the name of SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN.

As lord of that romantic region where the scenes are laid, and as a patriotic assertor of the properties of your countrymen, old ELDRED claims, as it were, an hereditary right to your protection. As a friend to the Drama, you are entitled to every mark of respect from the servants of the Public in the Theatrical Department. And for that condescension with which you kindly undertook the protection of the HISTORY OF WALES, a work which my present avocation has for a short time suspended, I owe you, on every occasion, my most grateful acknowledgments; and for ever remain,

S I R,

Your most devoted,
most obedient,
and obliged,

humble Servant,

J. JACKSON.

P R E F A C E.

On publishing a play which has been so long written, and so frequently performed, it may be thought necessary to assign the cause of its being so many years withheld from the public inspection, and my inducement for presenting it to the world at this particular juncture.

It is needless to mention, that before I had a theatre of my own, I engaged Mrs. Jackson, myself, or both, occasionally, at Edinburgh, Dublin, or London. At each of those places, the *FREEHOLDER* was performed from the manuscript; which, being my private property, could not be acted but for my emolument. The moment I became possessed of the Edinburgh Theatre, this motive ceased to operate.

Settled as I now am in Scotland, it is immaterial to me, when or where the play is performed; and at the request of some particular friends it is now made public.

Among the many audiences before which it has appeared, a variety of criticisms most unavoidably have been made. The most material objection to the plot is, That for a chief, possessed of so extensive a tract as Locrine is supposed to have enjoyed, to pursue a poor old cottager, even to death, for the sake of his little property, is not only improbable, but out of nature.

To this I must reply, that the anecdote on which the plot is grounded differs very immaterially from the circumstances of the play, and
that

that part of it respecting the farm of Eldred has the strongest stamp of traditional credit.

Setting the question of this fact aside, an instance in the Sacred Scripture, which few critics will dare to disbelieve, puts the possibility of its being in nature beyond a doubt. It is almost needless to mention that the vineyard of Noboth * is here alluded to. But even the Holy Text, and all traditional vouchers, set apart, we daily see premeditated murders committed for much less inducements.

The dispositions and passions of men are various, and consequently occasion a multiplicity of pursuits, praise-worthy or culpable as the objects are laudable or criminal. The supposition, therefore, of a man in power contriving the destruction of an innocent old farmer through a motive of envy, is not a more unnatural conclusion, than that a daughter should poison her father in order to come more early at his fortune, or that a highwayman should take away the life of a traveller for the lucre perhaps of a few shillings.

The humble station of the principal character was another objection to this play. I must confess I have often lamented, that Tragedies in general are in too exalted a state. To feel for the situation of their heroes, we should all be kings or queens. Nothing touches the passions so strongly as a possibility of our being liable to the same distress. For this reason I chose the story of Eldred, as coming nearer the situation of the multitude, and consequently more interesting to the generality of mankind. If the more exalted beholders cannot feel thro' the motives of sympathy, they perhaps may be melted by the sensations of pity.

Some nice critics say, that Tragedy should not end happily, consequently my catastrophe is culpable. That, I take for granted, is an undecided point. For my own part, I confess I am more pleased with the happy turn in *CYMBELINE*, than I am with many of the horrid conclusions of plays too numerous and too well known to mention. The reception of the last scene of *ELDRED* confirmed me in my opinion of the propriety of my choice; and I am convinced, that great part of the success of the play was owing to the wished for, though unexpected, mode of *Eldred's* deliverance.

Perhaps the reason why so many tragedies are concluded unhappily, is the difficulty of saving the principal character with propriety. The bowl and dagger, as *Dryden* observes, are always ready to relieve an author when he is at a loss to complete his catastrophe.

Many subjects, historic facts especially, will not admit of a fortunate conclusion. But I still contend, that where a writer has it in his power, and can bring it about with propriety, it must give a greater degree of satisfaction, to see an oppressed or distressed hero rewarded for his virtues, than to behold innocent fall a victim to the machinations of villany.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. JACKSON.

THE feather'd eaglet flutt'ring on its nest,
Throbbing with terrors and with doubts oppress'd,
To the first bough his new-fledg'd pinion tries,
Ere he commits him to the vaulted skies;
Then through the wide expanse he wings his
flight,
Cleaves the blue ether, and attempts the height.

Thus I, to prove the temper of my quill,
In petit Prologues first essay'd my skill,
The public breath produc'd the latent vein,
And approbation cheer'd the infant-strain;
Till, bolder grown by the inspiring gale,
My bark, now larger, spreads a wider sail,
With sides more pond'rous presumes to brave
The force of Criticism's bursting wave.

But, metaphor apart:—Behold before ye,
The vent'rous Author of this ev'ning's story.
No fancy'd piece I bring from Greece or Rome;
'Tis grounded upon fact, and found at home.

Oft have the tragic writers grac'd the stage
With regal sorrows, or with sceptred rage:
To humbler roofs my muse delights to go,
Caught with sensations of domestic wo.
Spurn not the subject, nor despise the plan,
Because my hero is a poor plain man.
The villager as poignant feeling knows,
As underneath the ermin'd mantle glows.

My

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. JACKSON.

Nor speak an *Epilogue*! indeed I will :
Nor rave and wrangle, rant and scold your fill.—
Your kind applause has made our Bard so vain,
That, as I live, I fear 'twill turn his brain.—
Through five long acts to make me weep and
 rend,

And not one line of chit-chat at the end?
'Tis monstrous hard; nay, out of reason too—
Ladies—and Gents—I here appeal to you.—

He says, 'Tis quite absurd,—'tis downright
 folly,

To chase away that pleasing melancholy,
That feeling which the Tragic scenes impart
To the mild, sympathizing, moral heart,
By letting the pert muse come tripping after,
Exciting ill-tim'd mirth and ribald laughter.
Nay, maugre all I urge, in spite of vogue,
He still refuses me an *Epilogue*.——

His plea 'mongst some starch'd Dons may
 converts gain,
But with the major part 'twill prove in vain.
Quite different sentiments I read among ye;
Consenting looks approve, I do not wrong ye.
Then, since our Author needs so much inviting.
You shall have one, that's flat, of my inditing.

The subject's obvious—I am to pray
Your candour to preserve this infant play;
And yet I'm half inclin'd within myself,
To beg you wou'd consign it to the shelf;

For,

For, shou'd the bantling have the luck to please,
Farewell to all my hopes of future ease.

My spouse can never rest—To-morrow's sun
Will view another Tragedy begun:

Quebec's fam'd siege, with Wolfe's untimely fall;
Wolfe *England's* glory, and the dread of Gaul:

Or *Wallace wight*, of an illustrious name;

WALLACE, the foremost on the lists of fame;

WALLACE, who nobly for his country fought,

Who exil'd Liberty impatient sought,

And to her vacant throne the banish'd goddess }
brought.

Then, mercy on me—Ladies—if you know it,
Rather lead apes in hell, than wed a poet.

'Tis inconceivable the life I've led,
Since love of scribbling seiz'd my husband's
head;

Moping alone the live-long day he sits,

Gaping at space—as if he'd lost his wits.—

When summon'd down with—Dinner waits, my
dear—

Hence hell-hounds! hence (he'd bawl) ven-
geance is near.—

And, ere I can recover my surprise,

Chill'd are the pullets, or stone-cold the pies.

Oft has he wak'd me in the dead of night,
My life half gone with terror and affright.

Ope go the curtains, to his desk he flies:

I've got a thought, a noble thought, he cries.

The lamp's gone out—quick, strike the latent
spark,

Else I shall lose the sentence in the dark.—

Nor since his piece was finish'd, have I quiet.
Lank grows his visage, for untouch'd's his
diet.—

What

EPILOGUE.

xi

What ails my love? why do you look so
griev'd?—

I wonder how my Play will be receiv'd.—

Courage, I cry; yourself have often known,
In early years, the candour of the Town.
Frequent they strove your drooping pow'rs to
cheer,

To curb each doubt, and check the rising fear:
And surely now you'll more indulgence find;
For I'll request it, and they must be kind.
Each Critic shall his noisy cat-call spare,
For Critics have been soften'd by the fair.

Ye dread of poets, then, where'er you sit,
Above, around, or rang'd in your own pit;
Make good my promise now;—and you shall see,
That, in return, I'll not ungrateful be.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

As performed at LONDON.

COVENT-GARDEN.

HAY-MARKET.

LOCURINE.	Mr. Hall.	Mr. Fearon.
BRENNUS.	Mr. Aicken.	Mr. Whitehead.
ELDRED.	Mr. Jackson.	Mr. Jackson.
ELIDURE.	Mr. Lewis.	Mr. Dimes.
MORGAN.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Lane.
ELIUD.	Mr. Young.	Mr. Davis.
EDWENA.	Mrs. Jackson.	Mrs. Jackson.
ELIZA.	Miss Ambrose.	Miss Ambrose.

Guards, Servants, &c.

As performed at EDINBURGH and DUBLIN.

EDINBURGH.

DUBLIN.

LOCURINE.	Mr. Taylor.	Mr. Brennan.
BRENNUS.	Mr. Williamfon.	Mr. Raymond.
ELDRED.	Mr. Jackson.	Mr. Jackson.
ELIDURE.	Mr. Cautherly.	Mr. Johnson.
MORGAN.	Mr. Knight.	Mr. King.
ELIUD.	Mr. Hallion.	Mr. Lee.
EDWENA.	Mrs. Jackson.	Mrs. Jackson.
ELIZA.	Mrs. Woods.	Miss Williams.

Guards, Servants, &c.

DRAMATIS



BRITISH FREEHOLDER.

ACT I. SCENE. *A Grove.*

The Curtain rising slowly to the symphony, discovers
EDWENA, who sings.

HAIL, god of war ! to thee I sing ;
Assuage my piercing woe :
My *Elidure* from dangers bring ;
O save him from the foe !

Till he return, each pleasing shade
But aggravates my pain ;
In vain I seek the matted glade,
The zephyr breathes in vain.

Cease, Philomel, thy lovely song,
Thy warbling charms no more ;
The chanting of the flut'ring throng
My peace can ne'er restore.

The dimpled rills that purl around,
In fruitless numbers play ;
Give o'er your soothing plaintive sound,
My *Elidure's* away.

[Comes forward, and speaks.
B. Cease,

Cease, cease my song. In vain thy numbers strive
 To chase away this melancholy gloom,
 Whose sable mantle, shadowing the soul,
 Presents a dreary prospect to the sight,
 And spreads o'er Nature's works a dusky hue.
 Why glows the blushing rose? Why flow'rs the
 thorn?

Why is the vale in verdant honours clad?
 Sorrow's sad winter plucks their glories down,
 And all things fade beneath my sick'ning wo,
 To bloom, I fear, no more.—

Enter ELIZA.

Eliza. Why thus alone?
 When through the house the face of gladness reigns,
 Why thus do you this solitary walk
 Incessant keep?

Edwina. Why, dost thou say? Alas!
 Why shou'd I not? Shou'd gaiety relax
 The sad contracted furrows of my brow,
 Then might'st thou wonder. Shame itself wou'd
 blush

To view a cheerful smile upon my face,
 While Fate, impending on the Saxon points
 Shakes o'er the land; while friends and kinsmen
 fall

Before the cruel foe.

Eliza. None more than I
 Have reason to lament the rage of war.
 I've felt its force. But now, the storm blown
 o'er,

The thunder pass'd, and growling from afar,
 In distant murmurs hushing to a calm,
 Why shou'd we fear the angry bolt, or dread
 The lightning's forceful flash? Hengist no more
 Lays waste our fruitful vales; great Vortimer
 Now gleans his scatter'd ranks; while Brennus
 here,

Ev'n in your father's house, bids safety welcome,
 And peace return again.

Edwina.

Edwena. Behold those fields—

How wild, how desolate their furrows show !
 See that forsaken green, where erst the youths,
 In sportive gambols, chac'd the hours away.
 No sports are there ; no human accents sound
 To rouse imprison'd Echo from her cell,
 Save some lone widow's wailing for her child,
 Her husband murder'd, or her father slain.
 Does this betoken peace ? Yon lonely cot,
 Once the gay mansion of the loveliest youth
 That grac'd our Cambrian plains, where blyth
 content

And festive gladness dwelt, neglected now,
 But one poor venerable man contains,
 Whose nerveless arm no more the state can serve :
 Silent he sits beneath the lowly roof,
 And wishful watches for his son's return.

Eliza. I wou'd not ~~my~~ too deep into your
 thoughts ;

Your country's woes hang heavy on your mind :
 But (or I'm much deceiv'd) a nearer tie
 Claims your attention, and demands your care.
 That youth has charms ; and you, too, have a
 heart.

Edwena. Come near, Eliza.—Thou hast touch'd
 the wound

Which rankles in my bosom. Yes, Eliza,
 (I think I may unfold my heart to thee,
 And safely lodge within thy faithful breast
 My secret thoughts), in that dear absent youth
 Centres the sum of all my hopes and wishes.
 That Elidure's—my husband.

Eliza. Gracious powers !
 That is a circumstance beyond suspicion :
 Tho' oft I've mark'd you partial in his praise,
 And read your secret wishes in your looks ;
 Yet still I thought the lowness of his rank
 An obstacle not easy to surmount.

Edwena. Virtues like his set Fortune at defi-
 ance,

Outsoar distinctions, and make envy dumb.
 Hear then the story of our loves. The moon
 Has scarce five times her monthly orbit run,
 Since Dovey's streams in sanguine torrents flow'd,
 And let proud Hengist pass. Our heroes fled.
 Fierce came the Saxon on. The hoary fire,
 The helpless mother, and the speechless babe,
 Fell victims to the ruthless rage of war.

Eliza. Alas! forgive me, Madam, if a while
 I interrupt your story, and give vent
 To tears that still involuntary stream
 On mention of that day; that fatal day
 Which saw my father fall, and me cast out
 A poor and helpless orphan to the world.

Edwena. Dry up thy tears; thou hast a parent
 here.

While life remains to animate this clay,
 Whate'er my lot, my fortune thou shalt share,
 My sister and my friend!—But let me on,
 Flight was our only hope; fear lent us wings,
 And Snowdon's cliffs first saw the stragglers halt.
 To reach the safest bulwark of the hill,
 A river must be pass'd; whose pent-up tide,
 Dashing from rock to rock, rag'd foaming down.
 A tree transverse was laid; o'er which we fought,
 By mutual aid, to reach the farther bank.
 The midway gain'd, my head in giddy turn
 Ran fearful round. Trembling, my hold I lost;
 When, falling headlong in the rapid gulph,
 The roaring billows bore me senseless down.
 My father cried for help.—Astonish'd stood
 The stupified beholders.—Elidure
 Alone had courage to oppose the stream,
 And save thy sinking friend. Fearless, he rush'd
 Into the flood. His right-hand grasp'd a rock;
 His left firm held me on the water's verge,
 Till aid was brought to lift me to the shore.

Eliza. Brave youth! that noble act indeed de-
 mands
 Your warmest gratitude.

Edwena.

Edwena. Hadst thou beheld,
 When, glowing through my veins, rekindling life,
 Like a new morning, crimson'd o'er my cheek,
 What mix'd emotions sat on every brow,
 Of wonder and of joy. Returning day
 My opening eyes relum'd. O then my friend!
 What words can paint the feelings of my soul!
 The trembling youth, still clasping in his arms
 His prize preserv'd, uprear'd me from the earth,
 And to a parent gave his rescued child.
 Kind Heav'n, he cried, watch o'er my gracious lord,
 And ever thus from peril save your house.
 My father thank'd him. Thanks, methought, seem'd
 poor,

Cold from the heart, to one who anxious stood,
 My life's redeemer, and my guardian God.

Eliza. What else but love cou'd recompense that
 deed,

Or half repay such worth?

Edwena. Eliza, no.
 Love's soft sensations in my virgin-breast
 Found yet no harbour. Gratitude alone,
 And friendly feelings, throbb'd around my heart—
 At Glas-Lynn's narrow pass our troops first knew
 That Hengist cou'd be conquer'd. Vortimer,
 Collecting there his scatter'd force, resolv'd
 To make one last effort, or to redress
 His country's wrongs, or bravely sell his life.
 The Gods look'd kindly on: his arm prevail'd;
 And drove the haughty Saxon, vanquish'd, back.
 This gave us to our homes: but on our way,
 While our hot youth chac'd the retiring foe,
 A band in ambush clos'd upon the rear,
 And well nigh turn'd the fortune of the day;
 When Elidure, still watchful o'er thy friend,
 With more than mortal arm withstood their charge,
 Till strength arriv'd, and drove th' assailants off.
 In this last conflict Elidure receiv'd
 A dang'rous wound, which kept him many days
 Confin'd at home a stranger to the war.
 Here, my Eliza, here it was I felt

The softer passion thrilling through my soul.
 To bring relief, I sought his father's house;
 Where oft, with wonder, I beheld his worth,
 His valiant aspect, and his honest heart;
 Heard the mild accent tremble on his tongue;
 Read the soft silent wishes in his eye;
 And look'd, and sigh'd, and reason'd into love.

Eliza. When this shall be divulg'd, I dread —

Edwena. Thy thoughts
 I guess, and will anticipate thy fears.
 Our lots in life so distant had been cast,
 That it was scarce permitted me to make
 A friendly visit to his father's roof,
 Ev'n after all the service he had done me.
 How then cou'd I expect a father's sanction
 To grace our nuptial rites? By this induc'd,
 We strove to keep our marriage still unknown
 To all, except the venerable fire
 Who tied the sacred knot, till time should give
 Some luckier crisis to disclose the secret.

Eliza. Be well assur'd, it closely shall remain
 Deep lodg'd within the foldings of my heart;
 Not death itself shall force it from my lips.

Edwena. My present confidence declares how much
 I think thee faithful to me. But new fear
 Thy counsel claims, and calls thee to my aid.

Eliza. Command my service, and my life.

Edwena. This chief,
 The warlike leader of Menevia's band,
 Who waits but to refresh his weary men,
 To lead 'em onward to the Cambrian camp,
 His prince's fav'rite, and my father's friend,
 Whose presence spreads festivity around,
 Brings double-weight of misery to me.

Eliza. I own I thought his presence welcome to
 you.

The man who draws his sword in freedom's cause,
 Should find a friend in every honest breast.

Edwena. So did he once in mine; so should he
 still,

If he but came in friendship's pleasing garb:

But

But oh ! I fear he wears another form,
A form most blasting to my tortured view,
The baneful form of love.

Eliza. That were indeed
A circumstance most dreadfully alarming,
But see he comes ; and with him too your fire,
In earnest conversation.

Edwena. Yes, my friend ;
And on their dread resolves, the life or death
Of poor Edwena rests. Hear me, good Heav'n !
Avert the direful stroke my fears suggest :
Or, if I must be tortur'd with his love,
With tenfold resolution arm my soul ;
Teach me to ward the meditated blow,
Or strengthen me to bear a father's rage.
Preserve me virtuous ; yield me spotless up,
Pure and unsully'd, to a husband's arms.
And now methinks I can endure the blast,
And weather out the fury of the storm.

Enter BRENNUS and LOCRINE.

Locrine. I sought you, daughter. Why in silent
mood

Dost thou neglect the converse of thy friends,
Quitting the pleasures of the social hour,
To visit this wild solitary gloom ?
The times, and our own exigence, require
That I consult thee on a serious point,
On which our future happiness depends.
I have no child but thee ; and fain my eyes
Would gaze upon a prattling race of thine,
Whose infant-gambols might assuage the pain
Of sick'ning age, and rising to the war,
Under the eye of a renown'd fire,
Learn to defend the liberty they prize.
This gallant chief, our guest, of noble race,
Possesses all my ardent wishes form ;
I choose him for my son. My choice, I hope,
Will also prove acceptable to you.

Edwena.

Edwena. My father, I am your's, at your high will,

And no alternative remains for me.

Yet, as it is a matter of such moment,—

So unexpected too—Your arm, Eliza?—

Lochrine. How fares my child?—*Edwena!*—

Edwena. Sir, your pardon.—

My scatter'd spirits crave a moment's pause;

Permit me to withdraw. [*Exit with ELIZA.*]

Brennus. Suspicion tells me,

Your daughter's wishes, adverse to our hopes,

Will prove a bar to my expected bliss,

Security o'erlook'd.

Lochrine. Your doubts are vain.

'Twas but her virgin terror; fearful most,

Of what she most desires. 'Twill soon away.

However, to dispel your apprehension,

I'll follow, and endeavour to remove

The weight which now depresses her young spirits;

That, when you see her next, she may receive

Your proffer'd vows, with kindness, and with love,

Brennus. I'll take a view of the adjoining vale,

And follow straight ——— [*Exit LOCHRINE.*]

Her maiden fear!—Perhaps

It may be so. I oft-times have observ'd,

When sudden palpitations from the heart,

Of joy excessive, grief or quick surprise,

Shoot through the quivering fibres of the flesh;

The lazy blood creeps slowly thro' the veins,

Dams up each sluice, and for a moment stops

The active pow'rs of life. Who's there?

Enter MORGAN.

Morgan. My lord! my master!

Brennus. Raise thee from the earth,

My soldier, and my friend! But say, from whence?

I thought thee dead.

Morgan. So was I thought by all.

I fell, and senseless lay upon the field;—

Some feeble symptoms of remaining life

Were

Were seen by one who kindly rais'd me up;
 Convey'd me to a cot, and soon restor'd
 My wonted strength. I follow'd to the war,
 But found you not : there waiting your arrival,
 Too near the foe incautious I advanc'd,
 And, captive made, was carried to their camp.

Brennus. Dispatch'd by Vortimer to scour the
 vales

That southward lie ; returning here, my troops,
 With sickness and repeated toil o'ercome,
 Demanded rest. But how hast thou escap'd ?

Morgan. Hengist, to gain some knowledge of our
 strength,

Commanded me before him ; where, consign'd
 Unto the rack, I told whate'er I knew.
 On naming you, the Saxon offer'd life,
 Nay, promis'd too, advancement and rewards,
 Cou'd I with you promote a private league
 Of amity. —

Brennus. Of amity !

Morgan. My lord,
 Beset with perils, what cou'd I refuse ?
 This paper my commission will unfold.

[Gives a letter to BRENNUS.]

B R E N N U S reads.

" Greeting, and health, the Saxon king pre-
 sents

" To Brennus, the renowned British chief ;
 " Whose wisdom dreaded, and whose valour tried,
 " Persuade him to promote and seek his friendship.
 " The bearer will convey the terms to

HENGIST."

What terms ? propos'd he nothing ?

Morgan. No, my lord :
 He bid you stipulate your own conditions ;
 Declaring, nothing your desires can form,
 Out-stepping not the circle of his pow'r,
 Shall stop the league he meditates.

Bren-

Brennus. Inform me,
For thou hast view'd their host, and best can judge;
Dost thou believe the Saxons can prevail
O'er Vortimer's successful bands?

Morgan. Too sure,
If human reason can suggest, they must.
E'en now, not far from Mouthy's ruined walls,
In sight of our long harass'd ranks, they lie
Entrench'd in many a bulwark; and but wait
Th' arrival of an army on its march,
To pour, once more, in torrents o'er the land.

Brennus. To-morrow thou shalt bear our answer
back:

Mean time, while you refresh your weary'd limbs,
I'll meditate, and give thee my resolves.

Morgan. I'm ever at your call.

Brennus. Anon I'll see thee. — [Exit MORGAN.
Conjoin with Hengist, or embrace the fate
Of Vortimer? Which way shall I resolve?
The one comes fraught with death, and fame un-
felt.

To grace my senseless clay: The other stamps
Disgrace upon my name, but promises
A lengthen'd life of pleasure and of pow'r.
Yet who shall speak in censure, or in praise?
My country earnag'd, who shall sound my deeds,
Or point the place that yielded me a grave?
The Saxon join'd, and seated in my strength,
Who'll dare to mention the insidious act
Which lifted me to grandeur?—Then, to die,
Or to survive, is the great doubt within.
And can I quit the harvest of my joy,
With plenteous produce whit'ning to my view,
Smiling with ease, and rip'ning into bliss?

No: I'll renounce the shock of war's alarms,
And find my peace in fair *Edwena's* arms;
Sport o'er the mountain, range the flow'ry grove,
And revel in the sweets of social love.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

ACT II.

SCENE, A Hall.

LOCRINE. *Solus.*

THE more I think, the more I am convinc'd,
 That something nearer hangs around her heart,
 Than virgin terrors, or the sudden shock
 Which unexpected rous'd her youthful fears.
 Oft have I mark'd th' involuntary tear
 Spring in her pensive eye, while all alone
 Silent she sought the thickest of the grove.
 Reprov'd, and question'd of the cause, she gave
 As reason for her sadness, that the fears
 Of hostile dangers not yet quite subsided,
 Depress'd those sprightly sallies, that were wont
 To spread soft mirth and pleasantry around.
 Still I believ'd her, 'till on this occasion
 Her strong emotions stagger'd my opinion.
 This rustic youth who serv'd her in our flight,
 Has surely wrought upon her grateful heart—
 Away, detested thought—her dignity
 Would save her from a passion so unworthy,
 So mean and growling in the world's regard.
 This interview she promises with Brennus,
 Must soon, however, clear these anxious doubts.
 But hold—he comes—he must not know my fears.

Enter BRENNUS.

Your walk, my friend, was longer than expected.
 No accident, I hope, detain'd you from us?

Brennus. The pleasing scenes, romantic to the view,
 Farther entic'd me onwards through the vale,
 Regardless of the hours.—Your daughter's health
 Ere this, I hope, is mended?

Locrine. Quite restor'd.
 But much she grieves the ill-tim'd accident
 Which forc'd her so abruptly to depart,

And

And speedily in person means to plead
Her own excuse.

Brennus. I shall attend her will—With anxious joy,

Locrine. All doubts will vanish then.

But tell me, Sir, how stand in your esteem
The soil and situation of my lands?

Brennus. The best I ever look'd on; far extend
Beyond my ken the bounds of your possessions.

Locrine. The vales that meet beneath those slant-
ing groves,

And thence meand'ring cleave the pebbled beach,
From whence the water issues from the sod

'Till in the briny flood its taste is lost,

Acknowledge me their lord: one paltry farm

Alone excepted, which maliciously

Intrudes itself within my circling fence.

'That lowly roof beneath the tufted brow,

With yon small wood, and those adjoining grounds

That skirt the river downward to the bridge,

As a foul wen upon the human frame

Disfigures the soft touch of nature's work,

So that small cot, offensive to the prospect,

Lessens the beauty of my fair domain.

Brennus. 'Tis something strange, indeed, so small
a tract,

Close in your view, nay almost at your gate,

Shou'd own another master: But to whom

Does it belong?

Locrine. An obstinate old man,

Who by his own hard labour thence extorts

A bare subsistence, breeding up a son,

An active youth, now in the Cambrian camp.

Brennus. Have you propos'd to purchase it?

Locrine. I have

Most frequently; but still with surly pride

He has refus'd.—There is no price, he cries,

Can e'er prevail upon me to relinquish

My little home, bequeath'd me by my poor,

But honest father.—

Brennus. Take it then by force.—

LaA

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Whence this intrusion?

Servant. Sir, from Vortimer
A messenger, but now in haste arriv'd,
Desires to be admitted.

Brennus. Bid him enter— *[Exit Servant.*
We'll talk of that anon.

Locrine. When it shall suit
Your meetest leisure to resume the subject.
I leave you to receive the royal mandate;
Its purport may require your privacy.

Brennus. I have no secrets now apart from you;
Retire not then through ceremonious form:
He brings some news, perhaps.

Locrine. Whate'er his tidings,
If such as may be trusted to my hearing,
Yourself, at leisure, shall impart 'em to me.
It should be so.

Brennus. In all things, you command. *[Exit LOCRIE.*

The king now sends to urge my march; to that,
My answer is prepar'd at full.

Enter ELIDURE.

Elidure. Great Sir,
By royal Vortimer's command I come,
Charg'd with the utmost speed to find you out,
And in his highness' name to greet you well.

Brennus. Declare his will.

Elidure. Thus then he bids me say:
The rally'd Saxons with increasing numbers
On Bedwin's summit still securely lie;
Expecting, as by scouts he is inform'd,
A pow'ful reinforcement; which arriv'd,
Once more, 'tis thought, they mean to offer battle:
He therefore wills you hasten to his aid
With all your force.

Brennus. Commend me to my prince

In humblest terms of duty and respect—
 Tell him, this expedition has so worn
 My men with weary watchings and fatigue,
 That I was fain to halt 'em here a while
 To give 'em strength to prosecute their march.
 Besides, a circumstance of private nature
 Occasions some delay.

Elidure. What said you, Sir!
 Of private nature?—At a time like this
 All private benefits are public frauds.
 Perish the man, who, when his country calls
 To snatch her from the gripe of fell oppression,
 To save a wife, a parent, or a child,
 From bondage or from death, would basely dare
 But to indulge a thought for private ends,
 His own preferring to the public weal.

Brennus. You are too bold, young man—learn
 what becomes you.

Elidure. Your pardon, Sir; I meant not to
 offend.

Brennus. Some three days hence, I may inform
 the king

How soon my promis'd succours will arrive,
 As then I shall have muster'd all my force.
 You have your answer, Sir, and may depart.

Elidure. With all respect, I humbly take my
 leave. [Exit ELIDURE.]

Brennus. Who's there? [Enter Servant.]

Servant. My Lord!

Brennus. Send Morgan to my chamber.

I'll meet him there—The times require dispatch.
[Exit Servant.]

In my resolves.—If I defer this league—

But soft—Edwena comes! her sweet approach

Dispels all other thoughts; and gently tunes

Each harsh alarm, to soft'ning sounds of love.

Enter

Edwena. *Edwena.* My Lord!

Brennus. What news?

Edwena. My Lord!

Brennus. What news?

Edwena. My Lord!

Brennus. What news?

Edwena. My Lord!

Brennus. What news?

Edwena. My Lord!

Enter LOCRINE and EDWENA.

Locrine. I have been pleading in your favour,
 Sir,
 With all the mildness of a parent's love,
 And a fond father's soft severity.

Brennus. My life depends upon your suit.

Locrine. I leave
 Her to reply.—Daughter, you know my mind;
 Act as your duty and my peace require.

Edwena. I shall endeavour, Sir, to bear myself
 As it may best become me.

Locrine. That is well
 And kindly spoken. *[Exit* LOCRINE.

Brennus. It o'erjoys me, Madam, to see
 To see your wonted spirits reassume
 Their kindly rule. Words wou'd attempt in vain
 'To paint the anxious feelings of a heart
 That throbb'd for your relief.

Edwena. Your kind concern
 Demands from me my warmest thanks. I hope
 I stand excus'd, or blameless in your thoughts,
 For my so sudden and abrupt departure.

Brennus. Excus'd, thou lovely fair one! what
 Escape from thee, (all perfect as thou art),
 In word or thought, requiring an excuse?
 I am a soldier, bred to hoarser sounds
 Than soothing notes of compliment and love;
 Else cou'd I dwell whole years upon thy praise,
 And, still untir'd, prolong the rapt'rous theme.
 Yet, were I fraught with softest eloquence,
 The lapsing time permits no more than this:
 Your charms have caught my heart; your father's
 will
 Kindly complies; and nothing now remains,
 But your concurrence, to complete my bliss.

Edwena. Thus low, I thank you for the honour
 meant me,
 Which far my little merit over-rates;

And, as I wish not to excite your hopes,
 Or give you one unnecessary doubt,
 With the same frankness you have used to me,
 I'll freely ope the dictates of my soul.—
 Know, then, our hearts were never formed to join
 In the kind cordial ties of nuptial love.
 If, therefore, the few graces I can boast,
 View'd by your partial eye, have lighted up
 A pure, disinterested, noble flame,
 Display that in-born virtue of the mind,
 Now show the friend, th' admirer and the man.

My father bids me listen to your suit,
 Or forfeit ever his paternal favour.
 O save me, then, from the severest ill
 That can befall a child! from the hard need
 Of thwarting a fond parent in his hopes.
 Thus prostrate, (*kneeling*) I implore you to devise
 Some means to frustrate this intended union,
 Some obstacle as rising from yourself,
 And leave me here, as when your eyes first view'd
 me,

The dutious daughter of a tender fire.

Brennus. This posture ill becomes thee, charming
 fair;

Rise, powerful pleader.—By my country's gods,
 The more thou talk'st against my growing passion,
 The more thou dost endear thee to my love,
 How shall I soften thy obdurate heart,
 And work upon thy will?—For life itself
 Were vain, and worthless, if possess'd without
 thee.

Thou shalt be mine.—Produce that pow'r on earth
 Shall dare to snatch thee from my ravish'd hopes.

Edwena. A pow'r thou wilt not contradict.

Brennus. Name it.

Edwena. Thy own resolves.

Brennus. Thou speak'st in riddles.

Edwena. Let me

Expound 'em to thee:—know, my heart's engag'd,
 And my whole soul devoted to another.

Brennus. Perdition to my hopes!

Ed-

Edwena. And though, I fear,
I am not to expect within thy breast
A kind compunction for my keen distress,
Yet wilt thou have some feeling for thyself,
Nor wish to keep the mansion of a heart,
Its owner not within.

Brennus. I'll hazard that ;
The person once secur'd, the mind may stay,
Or follow it at leisure.—Well I know;
The childish fondness of this love-fit gone,
And girlish prejudices once remov'd,
Thou'lt thank me for the kind compulsion done
thee.

Edwena. Insulting man !—

Brennus. But show me this admir'd,
This happy wretch.—I'll set aside my pow'r,
And fairly meet in arms this favour'd rival,
That we may prove who best deserves thy love.

Edwena. Thou canst not meet him upon equal
terms :
His fires would flash intolerable day
Around thy dropping flame ;—his valour wou'd
Appal thee with its touch ;—his virtue shine
Above thy worth, as Heav'n surpasses earth.

Brennus. I'd meet this man of men, and face
these odds.
One great advantage gleaming on my side
Out-weighs a giant's strength :—thou dost forget,
A father's sanction and a father's will
Declare for me, and both shall be exerted
To force thy stubborn temper to compliance.

[*Exit BRENNUS.*]

Edwena. Exert 'em, then ;—strain ev'ry boasted
art,
To rouse a parent's rage :—still shalt thou find
How well a woman's heart, enthron'd in truth,
Will fearless dare thee to the hateful test.

[*Exit EDWENA.*]

C 3 SCENE

SCENE in a Grove.

Enter ELIDURE.

What is the cause, I cannot well divine;
But from my heart I do not like this Brennus.
There's something, surely, couch'd in his reply
Beyond my fathom.—Yet I was to blame, woe't
To shew my warmth so much on the occasion.
But still, I know not how, restless flows
The swelling indignation through my veins,
Prompting my youthful tongue, where'er I find
Such lukewarm languor in my country's cause,
His forces unrefresh'd—of private nature
And such a cold reply.—But let it rest
A while.—One moment I may surely spare,
Uncensur'd by my country, or my king,
To the all-powerful ties of yearning nature,
To glad the eye of an indulgent parent,
And snatch one tender look from a fond wife
Who pines in secret for my wish'd return.
I'm told she pass'd this way;—she visits, sure,
The oaken grove.—I'll seek the well-known shade,
To find the drooping fair, to ease her doubts,
And clasp her in a husband's fond embrace.

[Exit ELIDURE.]

SCENE

Another part of the GROVE.

Enter EDWENA crossing the stage, and sitting down
upon a green bank.

Edwena. Welcome, thou sylvan scene, thou leafy
grove,

Beneath whose silent shade my Elidure
In accents bland oft op'd his copious heart,
Teeming with virtuous love.—Thou hoary oak
His faithful confidant, thy moss-grown ribs,
Significant in look, speak to my soul

Firm.

Firmness and strength;—and pensive in thy gloom,
 Thou spread'st a sympathizing shade around,
 Grateful to melancholy.—Here sit me down,
 Here mourn my luckless fate, and ceaseless weep
 The absence of my love, my lord, my Elidure.

Enter ELIDURE.

Elidure. Behold him at thy feet.

Edwena. Ye gracious powers!

Elidure. Compose thyself, my love!—dismiss thy
 doubts;

Thy Elidure returns in safety back,
 To gaze with transport on thy beautiful form,
 And press thee in the circling folds of love.

Edwena. And art thou then?—and art thou
 surely here?

I can't persuade my eyes to think this real.
 Let me look on thee—'Tis, I'm not deceiv'd,
 It is my love, my life, my dear, dear husband!
 Just at this time, propitious pow'rs! to lend him;
 It is too much to bear; the rapt'rous bliss
 Attacks my brain; I shall run mad with joy.

Elidure. My all of life! my everlasting love!
 Thou soft, thou bright inspirer of my soul!
 Try to divest thee of these dear emotions,
 And let this storm, this wild excess of rapture,
 Subside into the smooth of Reason's calm;
 For we must early part.

Edwena. Part!—said'st thou, Part?
 O show me not Elysium's blissful plains,
 Then blast me with a prospect drear and wild.
 No, we will part no more—Here will I hold thee;
 Not here a father's menaces can reach me.

Elidure. Hear me, my life—Thy passions crowd
 thy fight
 With fancy'd ills.—I go but to remove
 Those bars which hold from me thy father's sanction
 To take thee to my arms.—The smiling Gods
 Have crown'd already, with successful deeds,
 My youthful efforts;—and, inspir'd by thee,
 The

The little service I have done my prince has already
Has gain'd his early notice. Hither sent
His messenger, I come to hasten Brennus.

Edwena. Brennus!

Elidure. What means that sudden start, *Edwena*,
On mention of that name?

Edwena. Nothing, my love.

Elidure. Nay, but it does; else why more faintly
glows

The ruby of thy lip? why silent steal
Those pearly drops adown thy lovely cheeks?

Edwena. I fear'd new teeming dangers to the
state

Had caus'd this sudden message to the chief.

Elidure. I know that is not all; for dangers long
Have been familiar to thy fearful ear.

Then, by our loves, by our chaste nuptial rites,
And by a husband's tie upon thy will,
Relate the whole that preys upon thy soul.

Edwena. Forgive me that I wish'd to hide my
suffrings,
And to conceal from thee a circumstance
Full fraught with terrifying doubts.

Elidure. Be quick,
And O relieve me of my pain.

Edwena. Know then—
Alas! my tears o'erflow, and choak my words.

Elidure. I charge thee, speak; my doubts will
else distract me.

Edwena. Know then, our guest, ev'n from his
first arrival,

View'd me with looks that fill'd me with alarms.

I form'd excuses to avoid his sight;

Till, forc'd at last to listen to his tale,

He shock'd me with a tender of his love.

Elidure. Down, down, rebelling rage!—Go on,
go on,

Edwena. Repell'd he still persisted in his suit,

Nor heeded the engagements of my heart;

Ev'n dar'd, beneath the sanction of a parent,

To threaten me with an enforc'd espousal.

Elidure.

Elidure. Hear me, great Heav'n! — O strike him
 instant dead;
 Or if some plagues, beyond all human ken,
 Conceal'd, remain in your great hoard of vengeance,
 Edge them with pains acute, and let them pour
 In aggravated horrors on his head!

Edwena. Nay, now you are too rash; let patience rule.

Elidure. Away with patience! 'tis advice misplac'd.
 When force wou'd violate a husband's right,
 The gift of patience were the loss of honour.
 Can I behold thee lovely as thou art,
 My life's best gem, the treasure of my soul,
 Torn from me by the sacrilegious hand
 Of brutal violation — calmly look on,
 And view the dire disgrace with tame submission.
 No: ye just ruling gods, fill me brim-full
 With great revenge.

Edwena. These passions rend my soul.
 Why will you fly into such gusts of rage?
 How easy we to others counsel give,
 But want it in our own sore time of need.
 My little transports, at thy dear return,
 Were interruptions to the lesser claims
 Of Time's necessity: yet when thou seest
 Superior terrors black'ning o'er our heads,
 Fearfully dreadful, rashly to give way
 To Fury's frantic force, when o'er the mind
 Fair Prudence shou'd exert her wisest sway
 To free us from these terrifying doubts;
 Believe me, love, 'tis wrong, it is unkind.

Elidure. Chide on, my life; — let me offend again.
 Again to hear the mild severity,
 In soothing accents, soften on thy tongue —
 I could recline me on this gentle bosom
 Till I forget the dangers that surround us;
 No more remember the disastrous bars
 That thwart our nuptial loves. — O speak!
 Attentive now I wait thy wise resolves.

Edwena. Thy warmth wou'd not permit me to
 relate,
 That Brennus knows not where my heart is lodg'd;
 Which

Which shelters thee from his severe displeasure.
 That circumstance but in our last extremity
 Must be reveal'd.—Soon as the hazy evening
 Has spread o'er Idris' top her twilight wing,
 Where yon brown rock o'erhangs the busy brook,
 There will I meet thee:—but before I come,
 I'll try my utmost efforts with my father
 To shun this union, or at least defer
 The hated purpose till the chief's return.
 Meanwhile, perhaps, the gods may raise thy name
 By some great act achiev'd against the foe;
 For which my pray'rs to heaven shall still be pour'd;
 When, soaring high with valour and renown,
 Thou may'st look downward upon Locrine's daughter.

Elidure. By heav'n the thought dilates my young
 ideas,
 And, with high boding hopes, uplifts my soul,
 Expanding into glory. God of war!
 Inspire the dastard foe to leave the holds
 In which they lurk; that, singling from the ranks
 Their towering chief, undaunted I may rush,
 Tear from his helm the variegated plume,
 And shew whose veins, Hengist's or mine,
 In nobler currents bear the circling blood.

Edwena. I know thou wilt: and I, perhaps, may
 see it;
 May view thee lovely in the ranks of war;
 Behold the smile of conquest on thy brow;
 And, mingling in the cheerful sounds of peace,
 Around thy temples twine the wreath of glory.
 For shou'd my fire, inexorable still,
 Relentless view my sorrows and my tears,
 I'll meet thee, love, to share thy doubtful fate,
 And, through the dark vicissitudes of life,
 Embrace thy perils, or partake thy joys.
 But now the time forbids thee to reply;
 An envious eye, malignant to our wishes,
 Might blast our fairest hopes. Retire, my love;
 And we meet again.

Elidure.

Elidure. Thou wilt not fail?

Edwena. If life remains, I will not. Fare thee well.

Elidure. Let me not wait thee long.

Edwena. Thou shalt not, love. I'll seize the first occasion to retire; That, if necessity requires our flight, Ere morning dawns we may escape the search Of all inquiry.

Elidure. Dearest life, adieu— Kind heav'n, that guards the virtuous, watch thy steps, And O preserve and take thee to its care!

[*Exit ELIDURE.*]

Edwena. Amen.—Protect me, Pow'rs! for now draws on

The crisis of my fate.—Shrink not, my heart!
A husband's comfort, and thy own existence,
Are now at stake;—for them thou art to plead.

Teach me, great Nature! thy all-pow'ful skill,
To sooth the rigour of a parent's will;
With duteous firmness his resolves to move,
And melt him with the tears of filial love. [*Exit.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, A Hall.

Enter BRENNUS, a Servant following.

BRENNUS.

GO tell your master I attend him here,—[*Ex. Ser.*]
She must, and shall, be mine; for O I feel
Her charms have rais'd a flame within my soul,
Which nothing but possession can alluage!
If I can urge her father to pursue

His present purpose, her unyielding heart
 Shall nought deter me. Should he waver once,
 I have the will and means to make her mine;
 And Hengist's favour sets me above fear.
 But that must be my ultimate resource;
 I thereby forfeit the esteem of Lochrine,
 And quit perhaps pretensions to her fortune—
 No trifling object that.—No, I must try
 All means to keep the father in my favour;
 This farm he covets!—that may something work
 To fix him mine. Its owner shall consent,
 Or plead his grievance in the world below.
 The father comes. Can I persuade him once
 To fix an early period for our marriage,
 I shall not fear to keep him to his word.

Enter LOCCHRINE

Lochrine. My noble friend, I wait upon your will.

Brennus. Your beautiful daughter, Sir—

Lochrine. Is your's. Henceforth
 I call you son.

Brennus. Heav'n and my raptur'd heart
 Only can tell how much the honour'd sound
 Delights my ears. But, Sir, the lady's choice—

Lochrine. Her choice! how is her giddy choice
 concern'd

Where a wise father's just and prudent will,
 Matur'd with reason, by experience form'd,
 Directs her lot in life?—This girlish flame,
 By childish folly fed, will soon evaporate
 In mild reflection—quench'd by nuptial love
 And your endearing fondness.

Brennus. May I ask,
 Who is this rival of my hopes?

Lochrine. As yet
 I have not learn'd; nor in her present temper
 Choose I to make inquiry. If suspicion
 Wou'd let me guess, it is a beardless boy,
 Who in our expedition did her service,

A whim

A whim of childish gratitude, forsooth,
Not worth our notice.

Brennus. You have seen her then,
It seems, since our late interview?

Locrine. I have;
And from herself distinctively receiv'd
Your conversation's purport. Now I left her
With solemn charge, and fatherly injunction
To reconcile her wishes to her duty,
And to prepare for her approaching nuptials.

Brennus. How shall I thank you for your ge-
nerous aid
Thus kindly interposing in my favour?

Locrine. No more, my son. My wishes are
o'erpaid

By adding to the number of those names
That grace my family, a man of worth,
Of honour, and of courage to defend
From hostile insults, or from private wrongs,
My house's dignity. — Your worth once known,
My daughter, red'ning with a conscious blush,
Shall wonder at her childish efforts made
To blast her worldly bliss.

Brennus. My utmost care
Shall be exerted to deserve your favour,
And win your daughter's love.

Locrine. I doubt it not.

Brennus. But tell me, Sir; with anxious fear-
fulness,
I ask; Have you yet fix'd within your mind
Our nuptial day? The messenger, but now
In haste arriv'd, requests my speedy march;
I cannot, therefore, long excuse my stay
With just pretence.

Locrine. The third returning sun,
With your consent, shall view the happy hour.

Brennus. Impatiently I wait the wish'd event,
Mean time my place, my counsel, and my strength,
Shall strain their weary'd faculties, to gain
The ultimate completion of your wish.

D

Enter

*Enter a SERVANT.**Servant.* Old Eldred, Sir.—*Locrine.* The man you wish'd to see.
Conduct him in. We'll sound him on the subject,
[*Exit Servant.*]
And form our future plan from the result.*Enter ELDRED.**Eldred.* Health and good fortune crown the prosperous days
Of my great lord.—I fear I do intrude?—*Locrine.* Not so—thou art most welcome; tell me what
Makes thee my house's visitor to-day?*Eldred.* This morn, before the cock with cheerly noteHad, thrice proclaiming, hail'd the coming day,
And warn'd its master to his early care,
I rose and listen'd to the teeming rain,
And the loud whistling of the hollow blast
That shook my little hovel—till, subsiding,
The whit'ning clouds in sightless atoms fled,
Presenting to my ken the glad some blue,
And Idris cliffs in glist'ning sun-beams clad.
I pac'd the pasture slowly to the brook,
Which then I found foaming in angry mood,
And fighting with its banks—The boiling element
Too quarrelsome my angle to admit,
I could but look and wonder at the flood.
Its mounds o'erpass'd, onward the torrent came,
O'er-eddying my small mead—A rushy hill
Yet nodded on the surge, within whose covert
My aged eyes distinctly cou'd perceive
A fearful hare—The trembling creature rose,
And, leaning on the rushes for support,
Fell frighted in—Plunging, she sought the land,
Where anxiously I stood—Op'ning my arms,
The little animal approach'd me near,
And swam into my grasp.*Locrine*

Locrine. Didst thou destroy it?

Eldred. Not for the boundless world---Poor fool!
says I,

Thou know'st not where thou com'st. Cautious,
thou shun'st

A wat'ry death, and swim'st to man for safety;

Man, more destructive to thy timid race,

Than all thy other enemies of nature.---

But fear not me; there shall no harm come to thee:

Had I the means, I'd fence for thee a field,

Feed thee with care, and save thee from the gins

Of savage mortals, or the hawk's fell pounce,---

But all I can, I'll do.---I'll carry thee

To a fair mistress, the belov'd Edwena.

Thou'lt be a partner for her little fawn,

Eat from her snowy hand, and fearless hear

The hallooing hunter or the op'ning hound.---

Locrine. Hast thou yet seen my daughter?

Eldred. No, my lord;

I hear her health permits not.---Gracious Heav'n,

Prolong her years, to bless your latter life

With comfort and with joy!--

Locrine. Thanks, gentle Eldred.

Was it, old man,---when last I saw thee here---

I think it was---we some time held discourse

Concerning thy estate? Perhaps ere this

Thou'lt better thought: I'll still make good my offer.

Eldred. Why will you touch upon the only string

That jars upon the sense? I've told you oft,

My little hovel was my little all;

My all of worldly wealth, my all of life.---

Suppose a stranger traversing these vales,

That gentleman, for instance, or some other,

And fancying the beauty of your house,

Should say to you---This likes me for a home;

Propose your price for it, and there's your gold---

Would you relinquish your delightful spot,

Your morning's pleasure, and your mid-day's joy,

To waste your ev'ning in a land of sorrow?---

Locrine. That case is different.---

Eldred. How differs it,

My lord, from mine? It may in magnitude,
But not in semblance.—This aspiring dome,
Your blushing gardens, and your waving groves,
Are not of more significance to you,
Than are to me my lowly lattic'd shed,
My taper'd holly, and my whit'ning thorn.

Locrine. Thy argument is founded upon error.
My mansion quitted, cou'd not be replac'd
With one more elegant, or useful to me:
For thy mean cot, I offer thee such worth
As wou'd procure for thee a fair retreat,
Provide thee dainties, and prolong thy life
With heartfelt ease and lasting happiness.

Eldred. With happiness? can you ensure me
that?

I fear me, no!—that is not your's to give.
Our happiness, concentred in the mind,
By no criterion can be fix'd or try'd;
Imperfect still in its most perfect state;
And to enjoy it pure, without alloy,
Were not to be a mortal.—You, my lord,
Though feasting at the table of profusion,
With envious eye behold my oaten cake.—
I with my frugal meal enjoy content,
One step before you in the road to bliss;
But still there is a something unpossess'd—
My son, my age's darling, facing death
In ev'ry horrid shape, will force a sigh;
Will keep my eye unclos'd upon my pillow.

Brennus. 'Tis mine to aid thee there.—I can
procure

His absence from the camp, and send him home.

Eldred. But how!—Ingloriously!—So judge me
Heav'n!

I'd rather view him breathless on his bier,
And tell the wounds upon his manly breast,
Than see him loiter indolently here,
When my great country's wrongs demand his
sword.

Brennus. I'll give him honour, and promote his
rank.

Eldred.

Eldred: Canst thou give him courage?—That's the staff

Of blooming glory.—Canst thou give him virtue?—That's the flag of fame.—Devoid of those,
How canst thou give him honour?—having them,
How canst thou hold it from him?—'Tis not, Sir,
An empty sound, a feather, or a badge,
But worth alone that dignifies the blood.—
My boy, I hope, inherits that within,
Will, unassisted, find its way to notice,
Or my old lectures have been thrown away.—
When these invaders threat'ned first our vales,
My sword, in peace long rusting o'er the hearth,
I buckled to his side, and gave this lesson—
My son, thy country calls for aid—that sword,
Once this old arm's acquaintance, seeks thy grasp.
Unsheath'd, let strength and justice guide the blow.
Victorious, still to mercy lend an ear;
And if thy rising virtues ere shou'd call thee
To the great nation's senate, then remember
That honesty's thy only agent there—
This makes the chief, the hero, and the man!

Brennus. This mode of speech ill suits thy poor
beseeching,

And far out-soars the teachings of a rustic;
Hast thou e'er served in battle?

Eldred. Yes, I have,
And weather'd many a wearisome campaign;
But not amidst these hills—Our streams were then
Unting'd with native red—we fought the enemy
Close at their ships. O that the youthful blood
Wou'd, rolling back, re-animate these veins,
As when on the Brigantian shore we fought
Unequal numbers!—By your Sire I stood;
A rocky fragment bore him prostrate down.
Before him straight I plung'd into the waves;
Up to my sides I plung'd.—The steely storm
Burst harmless o'er my head.—Your father rose,
Our ranks rejoin'd, and drove the frightened host
To seek for safety in their floating tow'rs.—
There at a distance had they view'd our land

With longing looks ; but foul intestine feuds
Sapping our vitals, eat our sinews through,
And gave a willing entrance to the foe.

Locrine. This circumstance I've heard from thee
before ;

'Tis foreign to our purpose.—

Eldred. Sir, your pardon ;
You must excuse the foible of my years.

Whene'er the conversation winds my thoughts
To youthful recollection, from the heart

The feeble stream that feeds my eve of life

In gurgling bubbles seeks its former course,

With age long parch'd ; yet ere the crazy wheel

Of motion turns, the waiting current stops.—

Your leave, Sir, to withdraw.

Locrine. Thou wilt not then
Comply with my request ?

Eldred. Let me not say,

I will not ;—no, my kind Lord,—I cannot.—

Heav'n turn your thoughts from wishing me such
sorrow.

My father's shade wou'd haunt me for the deed.—

His dying words I never can forget.—

'Twixt broken groans, with falt'ring voice he cry'd,

I soon must part with thee, my dearest Eldred,

And all the comforts of my little home.

In early days I drank some sweets of glory,

And tasted too the bitters of a court.

To find repose in the decline of life,

I sought my rural cot ; where soft content

A frugal board, and thy dear company—

Thou image of thy mother !—gave me bliss,

In affluence unknown.—This scanty patrimony,

All which the grasp of greedy faction left me—

He wou'd have said—I charge thee still preserve—

His look confess'd it : but a deep fetch'd sigh

Cut short his words, and shrouded him in death.

Then let these eyes grow dim within the hatch,

That wept my father's exit.—May you enjoy

Your

Your days in ease, and may your last remains
Rest with the relics of your sacred fires.

[Exit ELDERED.]

Locrine. Well, my son, what think you of this peasant?

Brennus. There's danger in the man: he ought not, Sir,
To breathe the air so closely to your dwelling.

Locrine. Point out the means by which I may prevent it.

Brennus. Pronounce the word—I have, within my call,
A friendly hand will rid you of his presence.

Locrine. That must not be:—for though I cou'd
with ease

Frown him to dust, and seize upon my wish;
Yet shou'd not force exert its iron form,
To stigmatize the deed with cruelty.

Besides, it were not safe: he's much belov'd—

The son he mentions, too, with youthful feats

Has won the hearts of the young peasantry.

Cou'd some device be found with justice veil'd—

Brennus. Believe it done.—I will about it
straight. [Exit BRENNUS.]

Locrine. Speed thy intents, my son;—for such
the hate

I bear within my soul to this old rustic,

That, till I find the means to move him hence,

My sleep will be unfound.—Nor are his lands

The only cause of the dislike I bear him—

This son of his has surely wrought upon

The grateful sense of my deluded child:

And though I seem'd to Brennus but to slight

Her shyness to his suit, yet was it but

A seeming; for numberless the reasons are

That wake my fears. Wou'd I were satisfied!

Who waits?

[Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My Lord!

Locrine. Inform the fair Eliza

I'd speak with her. She something surely knows,
[Exit Servant.]

And will not fail to tell me her observings.

If facts do justify my fears, by heav'n

The son and sire shall both severely feel

The fatal force of my deserv'd displeasure.

Enter ELIZA.

Locrine. Come near, Eliza. I esteem thee much.

I lov'd thy father well; and that regard

Is now transferr'd to thee. I do believe

Thou wou'dst not see me plunging in perplexity,

If it were thine to free me from my doubts.

Eliza. Be most assur'd I wou'd not.

Locrine. Know then, Eliza,

My fears persuade me, that old Eldred's son

Is the mean object of my daughter's wish,

I did not think she wou'd have stoop'd so low;

But yet suspicious strongly point it to me,

Has aught relating to it reach'd thy knowledge?

Eliza. I grieve to think you shou'd suspect me,

Sir,

Of any thing inclining to connivance

At what must give your heart a moment's pain.

Locrine. No, no; I know thou wou'dst not.

You'll excuse

The needless question; for my fears suggest

Thoughts even beyond belief. But say, Eliza,

Has he been seen by her to-day?

Eliza. To-day!

Locrine. Yes, I am told he was the messenger

Who came from Vortimer. Saw'st thou him not?

Eliza. No, on my word.

Locrine. Has she been left alone?

Eliza.

Eliza. I did not quit her room my gracious lord
But during the short space your converse held.

Locrine. 'Tis well. I hope thou wilt employ
thy counsel

To reconcile and bring her to her duty.
Go to her chamber, and employ thy friendship
To gain the secret. Ere I rest I'll know it ;
And yet I wou'd not willingly exert
A father's stern authority to force her.

Eliza. Did you request she'd tell you, Sir ?

Locrine. I did ;

And more than once inclinable she seem'd,
But her emotions overcame her will.
Away, my friend—I'll visit her anon.
And hope to find her in a better mood.

[*Exit ELIZA.*]

I long to hear how Brennus has proceeded
Against this stubborn clown. And here he comes.

Enter BRENNUS.

Welcome, my son. What news ?

Brennus. I give you joy :

By this time, Sir, your wishes are complete.
Wilt please you walk this way—ere long, perhaps,
Your presence may be wanted—as we pass
I shall relate our project.

Locrine. I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *changes to a Wood with a romantic
Rock.*

Enter EDWENA.

Here stands the pointed rock. I know it well.
There tow'rs the cliff that frowns upon the vale.
On this soft green-sward bank, tradition tells,
The airy train of nimble footed sprights,
Tripping their fairy circle by the shine
Of the transparent moon, were wont to dance
Their nightly gambols. How contriv'd the scene

To

To work our fancy to the tale's belief!
 Even I, though desperate and savage grown,
 Unshrinking cannot view the dusky dread
 Which yawns around me—Hark!—'tis only fancy—
 All still—all hush'd—no footsteps but my own
 Disturb the silent horrors of the place.
 My Elidure, what mischief has befall'n thee?
 Inhuman father, cruel and unnatural,
 Thus to compel me to these hard extremes,
 Not yet arrived!—Protect me, gracious pow'rs!
 Let me not sink beneath increasing fears,
 Some noise—'Tis surely he—it is.—My life—

Enter ELIDURE.

Why hast thou staid so long?—Answer me, love,
Elidure. Edwena!

Edwena. Why do'st thou tremble thus? Alas!

Whence this confusion? Answer me!

Elidure. I will,

Fast as my heart's quick throbbings will permit.
 From the tall grove where I beheld thee last,
 With hasty steps I sought my father's house,
 Eager to feel, in a fond parent's arms,
 The glad'ning welcome of a son's return.
 The door was clos'd.—The vale I travers'd o'er;
 He was not there.—The pendent brow I climb'd,
 From whose soft surface, severing the clod,
 With daily toil he culls his winter's fire:
 My search was fruitless.—Downward as I look'd;
 Pacing the foot-path with his aged gait,
 His walk from far I knew. I ran, I flew,
 Eager to lighten his enfeebled arm
 Of something which he bore. Ere I arriv'd,
 A ruffian crew had seiz'd the aged man,
 And forc'd him, helpless, back. The hindmost two
 I levell'd with the sod—One rose no more:—
 The rest had felt my arm, had not their leader,
 Seizing by th' throat the poor defenceless victim,
 Close at his breast pointed the gleaming steel.
 Forbear, rash man, he cried; or, by the gods!

This

This weapon drinks his blood. My master Brennus
Commands me to arrest this hoary traitor.
His servant's death full sorely he'll revenge ;
And nothing but thy own can make th' atonement.
Appall'd, my lifted sword withheld its blow,
And tacitly I view'd him borne away.

Edwena. Mysterious pow'rs!—The fates are
leagu'd against us,

And thy ungovern'd rage completes our ruin.
Brennus suspects thee ; this some jealous plot
To drive thy youthful heat to desperation.
Thy father's innocence had stood secure.
How could'st thou be so rash ?

Elidure. Who cou'd refrain,
Whose kindred veins o'erflow'd with filial love,
And boil'd with courage to avow his duty?
The savage villains, with opprobrious taunts,
Arraign'd his innocent old age with guilt,
And, scornful, brandish'd o'er his silver locks
Their ruthless blades—courageous, 'cause secure ;
While, silent and serene, the good old man
Calmly resign'd him to their brutal malice

Edwena. What can I think ? or how can I re-
solve ?

What dost thou urge ? or how hast thou determin'd?
Hark !

Elidure. Speak ! Who's there ?

Enter E L I Z A.

Eliza. Be not alarm'd.

Edwena. Eliza !

What brings thee here, my friend ?

Eliza. With hasty steps

I flew to find you out. Scarce were you gone
When Eldred, guarded by an armed force,
Was brought into the hall accus'd of treason ;
And now in close confinement waits his trial.
But what concerns your present safety more,
A band of men, by Brennus's command,
Was instantly dispatch'd to search for Elidure,

With

With orders to secure and bring him back,
To answer for the death of an attendant
They say he slew.

Elidure. Haste! let us hence, my love.

Edwena. But whither hence?—Shall I, along
with thee,

Attempt the hopeless means of an escape?
Retard thy flight, entangle thee more surely
Within the toils that wait thy lagging steps?
Be witness to thy fall—behold thee seiz'd,
Torn from my arms, and murder'd in my sight?
Or shall I seek again my hated home,
And, in the hearing of thy father's groans,
Be dragg'd to loath'd embraces? Madd'ning thought!
No; here's my habitation. This shall be
My long, my last abode. Come then, Despair!
Drive from my brain the little sense that's left;
And, thron'd in terror, rest upon my eye.
Off, empty trappings! give me robes that suit me:
Down, flowing tresses! wanton in the winds—
Bleed, bleed, my flesh! deep-furrow'd with the
thorns
That yield thee food; and, when with toil out-
weary'd,

Seek for thy pillow on this couch of Nature.

Elidure. Cruel Edwena! thus to rack my soul
With ill-tim'd burtings of a fruitless rage.
Recall thy recollection. Thy complaints
Destroy the share of reason Nature dealt me.
Reflect, my love: the crisis of our fate
Is now upon the hinge:—to hesitate
Will ruin us for ever. Hear me, Edwena.

Eliza. You both are too much ruffled for reflection.

Attend to the advice which coolness dictates.
You, Elidure, with ease may make your way
Across the cliffs—you know each hidden tract.
E're morning dawn, you'll reach your prince's
camp:

Fall at his feet, and tell your hapless story;
He is too upright not to give redress.—

Mean

Mean time, do you return, and seek your chamber ;
 Your absence is not known. Smooth your sad brow
 Before this rude invader of your peace ;
 Preserve your husband's father from the blow
 That's aim'd against his life ; and ere the day
 That's meant for your espousals, Elidure
 May be return'd again, I trust, in joy,
 Bearing his prince's pardon for his rashness.

Edwena. Art thou Eliza, or our guardian angel
 Sent to speak comfort in that friendly form ?
 The breath of eloquence inspires thy words,
 And prudence guides thy tongue. Begone, my love !
 Fly quickly hence, fly from this place of danger,
 Before these cruel blood-hounds trace thy steps.

Elidure. And leave thee here ? Oh heart-distract-
 ing conflict !

But hard necessity is in the scale,
 And weighs beyond my will—Yet in my breast
 A secret something whispers me to stay,
 To save Edwena, and preserve a father.

Edwena. That would bring instant ruin on us all.
 Farewell—when can I hope for thy return ?

Elidure. If fortune smiles, before to-morrow's sun
 Shall climb the steep of heav'n.

Edwena. One last embrace.

Elidure. If thou wou'dst have us part, retire thy-
 self ;

For while I hear thy voice, my feet are fix'd,
 Are rooted here.

Edwena. Be safety thy companion,
 And hovering angels thy unerring guides.

[*Exeunt EDWENA and ELIZA.*]

Elidure. Farewell thou all that's dear !—Protect-
 ing pow'rs,

That watch o'er innocence, and virtue guard,
 Compassionate my father's hoary locks !
 Compassionate Edwena's sore affliction !
 Preserve them harmless from those deadly inares
 That circle them around ; Point me to right,
 To follow the just dictates of your will.

E

And

And O! your mediating pow'rs dispense,
To save from frenzy my perplexing sense.
Exert your heav'nly mandates to controul
These agonizing tumults in my soul.

[*Exit ELIDURE.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *A Chamber.*

E D W E N A.

AT length the morn's arrived—yon eastern hill,
Fring'd with a golden radiance, bids rejoice
Exulting nature, and abroad proclaims
The jocund entry of the lord of day.
How all creation gladdens at the view!
To me it yields some dawn, and strikes a gleam
Through the thick horror and condensing dark-
ness

That overhang my soul. Ere this, I trust,
My Elidure is safe; at least no news
Of the reverse, extends the line of hope.
I wonder, though, Eliza is not here;
I wish'd her call me with the waking lark.
She comes, and cheerful comes! a tranquil smile
Beams confidence within.

Enter. ELIZA.

Eliza. My lovely friend,
Good day. I hope your mind is more at ease
Than when I saw you last.

Edwena. Thanks, good Eliza.
My weary thoughts, at length o'erwhelm'd with
grief,
Sought an asylum in a pleasing slumber.

I dreamt,

I dreamt, as on a precipice I stood,
 Just darting from its summit to avoid
 A monster gaping with a hideous yawn
 And eager to devour me, suddenly
 My Elidure, array'd in burnish'd arms,
 And gliding in a golden car, preserv'd me
 From dire destruction. There, enthron'd, I sat
 In happiness and glory. But the joy,
 Too pow'rful, severing the bands of sleep,
 Brought back my thoughts to sad reality.
 And yet, fantastic as the vision was,
 So forcibly it wrought upon my mind,
 The dear impresson is not quite remov'd,
 But shoots a distant ray of expectation
 To my reviving hopes.

Eliza. Your dream portends
 A happy termination to your woes.

Edwena. So says my wish—But has there aught
 transpir'd

Of Elidure since last we spoke together?

Eliza. Not a word.—I sent, as you requested,
 A messenger to gain intelligence;
 But nothing could he learn.

Edwena. What hear'st thou then
 Of Eldred?

Eliza. Close confin'd within the cell,
 He still remains.

Edwena. What is their charge against him?

Eliza. Some act of treason, as I am inform'd;
 But what, distinctly cannot yet be gather'd.

Edwena. I doubt, my father! thou hast play'd
 him false.

Those fields of his have long disturb'd thy peace,
 And now, I fear, bring ruin on their master.

Eliza. Heav'n pardon you the thought!—you
 cannot, sure,
 Suspect a parent of so dark a deed.

Edwena. Eldred I can't; nor wou'd I doubt my
 father.

Brennus I shou'd suspect; to him alone
 The guilt I wou'd impute—there turn, Suspicion,

Thy dark envenom'd eye. And, O Eliza!
If e'er thou lov'dst me, now thy friendship join
To aid my efforts in a good man's cause.

Eliza. Tell me, my friend! which way can I
assist you?

Edwena. Find out the messenger you just now
mention'd;

Let him again endeavour to obtain
An interview with Eldred--Bid him say,
My services are lab'ring in his favour:
Wish him to keep his firmness and his patience
Beneath his load of mortifying wrongs.

And, as I dare not personally wait
The issue of his trial, let the man
With diligence observe each circumstance,
And bring me present notice of th' event.

Eliza. With care I shall perform the friendly
office.

Edwena. Fly, my Eliza! and return with speed.

[*Exit. ELIZA.*]

Mean time I'll importune the righteous gods
To save my husband, and to clear his father.

[*Exit EDWENA.*]

SCENE changes to a Hall.

Enter LOCRINE and BRENNUS talking.

Locrine. Granted all this--suppose the son no
more,

The father too ta'en off--how can I hold,
With any show of right, their patrimony?

Brennus. Nothing more plain.--Convicted, as
they shall be,

Of murder and of treason, their estate
I seize for the king's use, and give to you.
The thing, too trifling for the royal notice,
Will cause no question; or suppose it shou'd,
You'll find my int'rest and my pow'r too great
To heed inquiry.

Locrine. Moves it not your wonder

The

The villain cou'd escape the hot pursuit ?
Such numbers too !

Brennus. I hear he took the rock,
Favour'd by darkness and his thorough knowledge
Of the wild pathless height.—But faithful Morgan,
Who bears dispatches from me to the king,
With his two hardy comrades, all well arm'd,
Ere this have laid him low.—Such were my orders ;
Or, if they reach'd him not upon the road,
To seek the royal tent, and get command
To seize him as a murderer in the camp.

Enter S E R V A N T.

Servant. The prisoner, my lord, attends without.

Brennus. Bring him in.—[*Ex. Ser.*]—Will
you examine the delinquent ?
Or shall I ?

Locrine. Do you ; it best will suit you.
I must not seem to interfere in this.

Brennus. 'Twere better not, unless necessity
Requires you shou'd. I'll soon dispatch the business.

Enter E L D R E D *in chains.* *Guards, &c.*

Dost thou now come, dissimulating veteran,
To gull our senses with the mask of truth,
Whilst all within is perfidy and treason ?

Eldred. It is not, lord, a mark of dignity,
Thus to insult the feelings of distress ;
Nor yet of equity, to slander innocence
With aggravating epithets of guilt,
Till facts indelible have prov'd the crime.

Brennus. That we shall soon effect. Produce
the witness.

Eldred. First let me know by what authority
I'm order'd here, or who's to be my judge ?
I own no ruler but my king ; no laws
But of my country. Sacred may they be,
And curs'd the wretch that offers to subvert them !
If, by those pow'rs a magistrate appointed,

You call me to my answer—I obey :—
 If not, though helpless, aged, and in chains,
 I will withstand the will of usurpation,
 And, with my latest breath, defy thy mandate.

Brennus. Thou hast not yet, I find, forgot thy
 boasting,

Thy ill-tim'd pride, and low-born insolence.

Eldred. What call'st thou boasting?—honest
 utterance!

What call'st thou insolence?—a consciousness

Of unthought guile and native rectitude!

A soul, with guilt unsully'd, cannot shrink

Beneath oppressive threats—And, hear me, Sir;

The silver streamlet trickling from the spring,

Is not more free from the polluting soil,

Than is my breast exempt from conscious-ill.

Brennus. Professions, without facts, are but the
 masks

Of artful villany, the cloaks of fallacy,

To gain belief from unsuspecting hearers,

And sin with lesser fear of a detection.

Such are the motives of thy vain assertions,

Else why decline a hearing of thy actions?

Eldred. Why wilt thou urge me utter those
 assertions?

Or why compel me to dispute thy office?

Thy pow'r approv'd, I shall await my doom

With truth-rob'd confidence and calm submission.

Brennus. I come not here to argue my authority

With ev'ry stubborn fool that dares deny it.

But, that thy wily cunning may suggest

No room for captious hinderance or cavil,

Know then, by legal right, by regal deputation,

Thou seest me here, a chief and magistrate,

With orders to exert the force of law

To punish rapine and controul injustice.

Eldred. I might require a clearer certainty

Of thy appointment, than this bare recital—

But best an individual like me

Shou'd risk some wrong, than by punctilious doubts

To stay the course of justice, or retard

The

The smallest execution of the laws.

What have your witnesses to urge against me?

Brennus. Eliud, stand forth.

Eliud. My lord!

Brennus. Know'st thou this man?

Eliud. Most perfectly.

Brennus. Say what of him thou know'st.

Eliud. The morning of that memorable day
When Hengist first gain'd access to our vales,
Sent by your order to survey the pass
Which you were station'd to defend, I found
All safe—each man attentive to his post.
When down a splinter'd crevice of the cliff,
A passage by no human footsteps press'd,
Except the native shepherds of the hill
Seeking some straggler wander'd from the flock,
I thought I saw the gleaming of a helm.
Advancing nearer, my astonish'd eye
Perceiv'd distinctly the unthought-of tract
Unbosoming a band of armed men,
And he, that rebel, pointing out the way.
I hasten'd to acquaint you with the tidings,
But all too late—I need not say the rest.

Brennus. Too well we know it.—Thou rebellious traitor,

What can thy hoary artifice suggest,
Why sentence should not instantly be pass'd,
Such as thy crime deserves?

Eldred. Alas, my lord!

Why shon'd I plead, why offer a defence,
When you, my judge, seem wishful to promote
And speak my condemnation? Here I swear
By the great sacred Ruler of the sky,
I know no more of this alledged crime,
Than does the babe before its infant cry
Wails its arrival in this land of sorrow.

Brennus. Thy mere denial will not be admitted—
Unless some witness can attest thy innocence:
Thy crime stands prov'd, and the award is death.

Eldred. I have no witness but an honest heart;
No friends to back me, but my spotless thoughts;

No

No vouchers, but my own plain words—alas!
 Too ineffectual to excite remorse
 In thee my hard and stony adversary.—
 No, no, fond tongue; vain are the sounds of truth;
 The lamb unheeded bleats within the grasp
 Of the devouring wolf—My guiltless life
 Is the devoted victim—Wou'd that were all!
 I'd yield it freely—But a keener stab
 Pierces my straining vitals—Hold, my heart,
 Thy wonted firmness—burst not ere thy time—
 Lord—Locrine—hear me—'tis to thee I now
 Address my speech.——

Locrine. Go on, I am attentive.

Eldred. Does not a livid paleness taint thy
 cheek,
 To view these chains corrode my aged flesh,
 And silent, like an unconcerned spectator,
 Behold me fall by the stern hand of pow'r,
 Because by villainy I have been hunted
 And drove within her pale? Or hast thou train'd
 The bloody pack, and join'd 'em in the cry?—
 Too sure, thou hast;—and dearly I abide
 My late refusal of thy proffer'd purchase.—
 Yes, there's my source of ill—what else cou'd raise
 This deep-laid plot against my harmless life?—
 Inhuman robbers!—was it not enough
 To spoil me of my all, but, with my being,
 You'd plunder my good name, traduce my memory,
 And whelm a son too in his parent's ruin?——
 Sit fast, my brain, and turn not with the thought—
 My boy! my virtuous boy! thy killing wrongs
 Cut deeper than my own—Cruel reflection!—
 Oh! the sharp trying pang—it grinds—it breaks
 The crackling cords that bind the seat of life,
 Shatters the crazy texture of my frame,
 And drags the crashing fabric to the earth.

Locrine. Infatuating wretch! how dar'st thou thus
 Attack my character and name, in terms
 So dark and grossly vile?—I had design'd
 To interpose my voice in thy behalf;
 But thou hast forfeited my kind intentions.

Canst

Canst thou expect from such opprobrious language
To merit mercy, or to gain our pity?

Eldred. Mercy I hope not, that's against your
int'rest:

I ask no pity, 'tis not in your natures;
Else cou'd your flinty bosoms ne'er suggest
A thought so bloody, barbarous and savage,
To subject a poor, helpless, innocent
Old man to misery like mine:--

Brennus. No more:

Hear what the law decrees.--For that thou hast,
In vile despite of nature's nearest impulse,
Assisted in their cruel depredations
Britain's detested foes--thy all and life
Become the legal forfeits of the state.
Guards, take him hence, and execute the sentence.

Eldred. A little longer, but a little longer,
And part of that hard sentence had been needless!--
Assist, some friendly hand, to raise me up--
Grant me the last kind favour you can give,
Your help to bear me from the fatal sight
Of those death-darting basilisks!--Yet--hold--
One word before I go.--Great Gods that view
The thoughts of man--you know my heart,
You see the ray of innocence around it;
Receive me to your care--and O forgive
My persecutors--on their trial-day!
Let them not want that mercy and that pity
Which their hard hearts unjustly have denied me.

[*As he is going out, enter EDWENA.*

Edwena. [*Speaking to the Guards who are carrying
out ELDRÉD.*]

Defer your cruel orders for a moment
Ye ministers of death.--Forgive me, Sir,
If I presume a while to stay your mandates;

[*Exit BRENNUS and Eliud with Servant.*

And you, my father, that I intermeddle
In what perhaps you term beyond my sphere.--
But, oh! can I behold you plunging down
A boundless steep of misery, and withhold
My filial hand to save you from the danger?

Observe

Observe that face!—can ills inhabit there?
 And sure, you cou'd not rest your head in peace,
 And bear within your breast the hard reflection,
 That you had destin'd innocence to death!—
 What! honest Eldred!—the man so long rever'd
 For rectitude, the mirror of uprightness!—
 O Sir! reflect before it be too late,——
 Preserve your name from the detested blot
 His fate must bring upon it:—nor shall mine
 Escape the stain—I too must share the stigma;
 And hissing lips shall brand me as I pass,
 As daughter to the murderer of virtue.—

Lochrine. Whence these emotions? whence this
 ill-tim'd fervor?

Or why these vain suggestions?—Know'st thou not
 The laws, not I, have doom'd his guilty fall?—
 His crime approv'd and clear, by what pretence
 Can I avert the righteous stroke of justice?

Edwena. Alas, my lord! did justice here pre-
 side—

But I'm your daughter; and it ill becomes me
 To say what tongues indifferent will urge
 As the vindictive mercenary cause
 Of his destruction.—Or suppose him guilty;
 For my sake, Sir, preserve him. O reflect,
 He gave me second being—his son redeem'd
 My fleeting life, or now you had been childless—
 O turn not from me—'tis your daughter sues,
 You lov'd Edwena—Must I sue in vain?
 No; I will cling, thus clasp around your knees,
 Till rising pity beams upon your brow,
 And cheers me with the lambent light of mercy.

Lochrine. I charge thee rise, and cease thy fruit-
 less suit,

Perverse and headstrong girl! By heav'n I swear,
 Were I inclin'd to mercy, thou hast rous'd
 Reflections in my breast, that wou'd at once
 Destroy the rising charitable thought.—
 Thy motives for this foolish partiality
 Are not to me unknown—Away—retire—

Hence

Hence to thy chamber—Harbour not a wish
Against thy duty, or beneath thy rank.

Edwena. Yes, Sir, I will; I have observ'd
my duty.

My duty bids me use my utmost means
To save from wrongs that venerable man.
And since intreaties cannot reach your heart,
Nor wake you to the gentle calls of pity,
I'll try the sympathizing pow'rs of nature,
And ties of kindred—Elidure's my husband.

Locrine. Perdition to that word!

Eldred. Benignant heav'n!

Edwena. Yes, Eldred's son, his Elidure's my
husband.

Locrine. O grant me patience, ye eternal
pow'rs!

To bear the cutting sound—Abandon'd girl,
Go share thy husband's fate; for by yon heav'n,
I here, henceforth, renounce all intercourse
With thee and thine. Mark, I disclaim thee. Hence!
Fly from this roof, and see my face no more!

[Exit LOCINE.]

Edwena. Severe resolve—unnatural decree!—
Yet shakes it not the dictates of my soul.

Eldred. My heav'nly guardian! my protecting
angel!

Thus let me kneel, and thank thee for thy care.

Edwena. O Sir, forbear! nor cover me with
blushes.

First let me crave your blessing, and your pardon,
For that I have so long conceal'd your state,
And left you subject to such cruel wrongs. [Kneels.]

Eldred. My child! my benefactress! [Kneels, and
embraces.]

Enter BRENNUS.

Brennus. See bestow'd
The merited reward; he has, besides,
Our warmest thanks. Madam, I must command
Your speedy separation; 'tis not fit You

You should behold the sequel—Eliud
 Shall bring you presently our farther will.
 Remove your prisoner, and guard him well. [*To Gu.*
Edwena. Slaves, touch him not—stand back, and
 learn your distance.

'Tis I defend him!—I—and ere your swords
 Can touch his guiltless life, my own heart's blood
 Shall bathe their reeking points—And, monster!
 thou,

Thou too should'st tremble at the words I utter.
 For know the valiant Elidure approaches;
 Secure I trust he comes, with royal grace,
 To save a father, and protect a wife;
 When, if thou dar'st attempt the hopeless trial,
 A parent's righteous cause, and his bold arm,
 Shall whelm thee down with terror and dismay.

Brennus. I own I shall not meet him willingly;
 I hope to live a little longer, Madam.

For hear, insulting female! and let fall

Thy hopes—That boaster is no more.

Edwena. Ha!

Eldred. Heav'ns!

Brennus. A messenger has just now brought me
 word,

That, overta'en near Oerddrew's knotty brow,
 And call'd to turn and answer for his guilt,
 He spurn'd their pow'r, and in the conflict fell.

[*EDWENA falls.*

Eldred. O save that sinking excellence—

Enter ELIZA.

Brennus. Away,
 Intruding detard—seize and bear him off.

Eldred. Look there—will you—Oh!—can
 you force me hence,
 Without one parting word—one longing look?—

Brennus. Obey my orders, bear him to his cell,
 There wait my farther purpose.

Eldred. Hence assassins—

Thou viper—thou unfeeling viper—monster—

Brennus.

Brennus. Remove him from my sight.

Eldred. Murder!—no help?—

Hear me then, gods!—O let this monster suffer
Torments unknown—yet uninvented pains,
Form'd by the first of wo-creating furies;
That he may feel anguish immense as mine,
Stings sharp as now pierce my poor aged bosom,
Rend my weak straining eye-strings, and cut short
The faint expiring sobs of weary nature.

[*Is carried off.*]

Brennus. How fares Edwena? does she breathe?

Eliza. Not yet.

Brennus. Assist her with thy care, while I attend

Her father.

[*Exit BRENNUS.*]

Eliza. Friend!—Edwena!—sure the life
Is fled. No, she revives.—

Edwena. Your stay was long,
My love. How cold thou art!—a deadly wan
Spreads o'er thy cheek.—Why dost thou fly me so?
Stay—soft—Where am I?—

Eliza. Guard her reason, heav'n!

Edwena. Eliza—oh—

Eliza. How fare you, madam?

Edwena. Well;

At least I shall be soon; for oh, I feel
The cold damp hand of death upon my heart.
My friend, thy arm—support me.—Where is Eldred?

Eliza. The guards have led him—

Edwena. Ah me! to execution?

Eliza.—No, madam; to his cell.

Edwena. Conduct me thither.

Eliza. Might I advise ye, seek composure first.

Edwena. Where? in the grave?—that peaceful
couch alone

Can give composure to distress'd Edwena.—
Think'st thou, thus exil'd from a parent's love,
My husband murder'd, and his father doom'd
To death's hard conflict, aught can bring relief
To my afflicting agonizing pangs,
But the dark confines of the silent tomb?—

To those blest mansions, Eldred, I'll attend thee,
In search of happiness denied us here :

There walk with Elidure the blissful plains,
Where wo intrudes not, nor injustice reigns;
Sharing those blessings which the gods dispense,
To conscious truth and heav'n-born innocence.

[*Exeunt EDWENA and ELIZA.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E, A Hall.

Enter BRENNUS, and ELIUD following.

Brennus.

NO news of Morgan yet?

Eliud. None, my good lord.

Brennus. Why comes not Eric?

Eliud. Sir, he is not found.

Brennus. Had he the promis'd gold?

Eliud. He had.

Brennus. I wish,

Now leisure-suits, minutely to inquire
How chanc'd their meeting with that Elidure,
And by what means he fell. Report to me
Each circumstance as to thyself related.

Eliud. Near as my memory will let.—Not far
Your faithful party, with impatient steps,
Had measur'd the ascent to Oerddrew's cliff,
Beyond the grove of Guanus, when above,
In clinking sounds, the loosen'd stones betray'd
The certain tread of feet: soon was descry'd
Upon the brow the sculking fugitive.
Bladud, most fleet of foot, first gain'd the pass
That leads to Mouthy's vale, waylaid the slave,
And sunk beneath his might. Morgan in vain
Rush'd on to save his friend:—himself had fall'n
Before the daring foe, had not a rock,
Lanch'd from fierce Eric's arm, repell'd his death,
And left an easy conquest for their swords.

Brennus. There let him rest. But what of Mor-
gan then?

Eliud.

Eliud. Dispatching Eric back to bear the news
Of the event, he posted to the camp
On special message, as I understood,
From you.

Brennus. Ere this he might have been return'd.

Eliud. He surely might.

Brennus. The moment he arrives
Let me have notice.

Eliud. Sir, most certainly.

Brennus. Who had the watch last night?

Eliud. Till the third cock,
My lord, 'twas mine.

Brennus. Know'st thou if Locrine's daughter,
Sought for admittance at the cell this morning?

Eliud. She has not, Sir; but messengers, I
hear,
Requesting entrance, oft have been refus'd.

Brennus. How bore she her denial yesterday?

Eliud. With all the burst of disappointed rage;
Till, quite exhausted with the force of passion,
Her spirits sunk to senseless inattention;
When, by the friendly counsel of Eliza,
I help'd to bear her to her own apartment.

Brennus. Let her be told, if it now suits her
will,

She has my leave to see the prisoner;
And send me instant word of her arrival.

Eliud. I shall observe, my lord.

Brennus. When Morgan comes,
Forget not presently to bear me tidings.

Eliud. You shall not, Sir, have cause to doubt
my care. [Exit ELIUD.]

Brennus. Thy zeal shall be rewarded. Morgan's
stay

Creates suspense. I wou'd he were return'd!
This league of friendship with the Saxon king
Concluded once, my project were secure.
Locrine, grown frantic through ungovern'd fury,
Seems quite depriv'd of reason; which affords me
A just pretence to manage his affairs
As his intended son. The husband's death
Has render'd, too, more probable the union;

And Eldred's present sentence and confinement
 May prove the means to forward that event ;
 At least it shall be tried.—Yes, haughty dame !
 In spite of all your boasted fortitude
 I'll yet find means to bend you to my will.

[*Exit BRENNUS.*]

SCENE *changes to a Prison.*

ELDRED *discovered in chains upon the ground.*

Eldred. Welcome, my valiant boy !—Soft—soft.
 —where am I ?

O flatt'ring fantasy !—thou balm of wo !—
 Thou balsam grateful to affliction's wounds !
 How well hast thou beguil'd the weary hour !
 But now with ecstasy I view'd my son
 Crown'd with the wreath of conquest ; while afar,
 In peals of plaudits, rung the deaf'ning shouts
 Of victory and joy—when lo, I wake
 To the sad horrors of a dungeon's gloom.
 Robb'd of my Elidure, my heart's sole comfort,
 What am I now ?—the scorf of human nature !—
 A helpless, childless, and distress'd old man !
 I'll try to rise—So—so—'Tis morn—Once more—
 I see the light—perhaps for the last time.
 Shrink not, my flesh, nor shudder at the thought.
 My life o'ercast in its approaching eve,
 And just descending to the shade of night,
 Why shou'd I tremble to behold the veil
 Of endless peace drawn o'er my closing eye ?
 Cast off that frown, inexorable death !
 Thou hast no terror for a spotless bosom :
 For if the mind survives the body's exit,
 And that it does my very dream portends,
 That Pow'r which gives it being will dispense
 The just rewards that wait a right'ous life ;
 Or if in death all sense of thought expires,
 Then with that thought all feeling must be lost.
 Thus, hopeful of the best, and of the worst
 Regardless, will I meet the stroke of fate,
 And yield me, cheerful, to the will of heav'n.

Edwena

Edwena. (*without*). I have your master's orders for admittance. [*Enter EDWENA.*]

Edwena. Where art thou, Eldred?

Eldred. That benignant voice

Strikes harmonizing softness through the soul,
And beams a day of cheerfulness around
This solitary cell.—My heav'nly visitor!
O how shall I receive thee in this drear,
This deathful mansion!

Edwena. Thou much injur'd man,
I come to share thy woes. The tyger grows
Unnatural; and I have leave at length
To mix my tears with thine.—Have I thy hand—
And do I find thee safe?—How hast thou been?

Eldred. As well as piercing miseries, like mine,
Wou'd give me leave?

Edwena. Fain wou'd I see thy face;
But the dim particles of distant day
Glimmer too faintly through this cavern'd gloom.
Let me conduct thee to the light: our foes,
Though ripe with savageness, will scarce deny
That favour to me. Lean upon my arm.

Eldred. In vain I try for words to speak my
thanks;

'Twou'd pose the pow'r of language. Silent, then,
Let me admire thy worth—while the big tear
Proclaims my joy, my gratitude, and wonder.

[*Exeunt EDWENA and ELDRD.*]

SCENE changes to the Area before the Dungeon.

Re-enter EDWENA, leading ELDRD.

Edwena. [*To the guards, who retire.*]
Friends, give us leave a while; at distance wait,
And seek not to intrude upon our converse.

Eldred. A little farther—yet a little farther—
Let me encroach upon thy gentle nature:
The air's refreshment, grateful to the sense,
Cheers my old frame, and lightens these hard
shackles.

Edwena. Wou'd I cou'd bear their weight.—
Alas! my father,
How pale thou look'st!—

Eldred. Thou pattern of all tenderness,
 This kind concern speaks comfort to my sufferings.
 But oh! thy sight, afflicted as thou art,
 Gives heart-felt anguish for thy cruel wrongs
 Far keener than my own; and in my mind
 Rouses reflections I wou'd willingly
 Erase from memory's distracted page.—
 O fly this place!—desert my luckless fate
 Before I drag thee down into destruction.
 Thy torch, new-lighted, glows transparently
 With strength and clearness, and may spotless shine
 An age to come:—then let not my weak lamp
 Pollute that brightness with its dying smother,
 But twinkling sink unnotic'd in its socket.

Edwena. Alas! thou know'st but little of the
 firmness

Edwena's breast contains, to think I cou'd
 Endure a weary loathsome life—nay, life
 On fairest terms, and suffer the lov'd father
 Of my Elidure—O Sir!—I need your aid—
 On mention of that name, the briny torrent
 Out-bursts its limits, and the strong emotion
 O'ercomes the pow'rs of speech.—

Eldred. Bright excellence!

Look down, my son—my boy—my Elidure—
 If yet thou hast not gain'd the realms of bliss,
 But stay't to make me partner of thy flight;
 Look down, and view this model of perfection,
 Of truth, of virtue, and connubial fondness!

Edwena. Yes, my pale love! can I behold thy
 father,

My father too, (for I've no parent now
 But him), a prey to piercing miseries,
 Anguish, and death, and look unheeding on?
 Away, vile thought!—No, no, thou injur'd good
 ness,

I'll wait thee ev'n in death; for shou'd thy foes
 Refuse to join me in thy cruel sentence,
 If there be water, steel, or pointed rocks,
 I'll find some means to rid me of this clay,
 And lead thee fleeing to my husband's shade.

Eldred.

Eldred. Take heed, fair creature—there thou’dst
quit the path
Of thy uprightness—That were a foul attack
On heaven’s prerogative, a theft against
The most Supreme, which sorely wou’d intral
thee.—

Life for a life is human forfeiture;
But he who robs the gods of his own being,
Though he evade his miseries on earth,
To keener pains must be consigned hereafter.
How cou’dst thou bear to view thy husband’s shade
Treading the blissful valleys of Elysium,
Whilst thou, secluded from those bright abodes,
Art doom’d to wander o’er a barren walle
For suicide, the sad eternal mansion—

Edwena. Oh, Sir! I feel your words as flakes
of ice;

At once they cut, and freeze my wounded soul.
Instruct me how to bear the threatning mischief.

Eldred. With resignation to the higher Pow’rs
Await thy dissolution. I and Elidure
Will hover o’er thee till thy hour of fate.
Then, joining, wing our flight to happier regions,
Where man’s injustice can no more undo us.

Edwena. That wish’d event were purchas’d
cheap indeed,
Ev’n by an age of woe.—And yet, alas!
How can my suff’ring nature bear the task?—
But soon begins the trial—for my sum
Of earthly ills concentrates in that form!

Enter BRENNUS and Guards.

Brennus. You two remain within;—the rest re-
tire

And closely guard the portal. So, Madam,
You still, I find, embrace the tott’ring ruin;
Nor will regard the dread impending danger,
Till whelm’d in the destruction.

Edwena. Shameless monster!
Thou art my ruin—thou art my destruction.
Who else but thee cut off the growing branch?
And com’st thou now to sell the sick’ning stem?

Brennus.

Brennus. I come, ill natur'd fair one, to assuage,
Thy present anguish, and restore thy peace.

Edwena. Canst thou bring back the life? recal
the breath?

Bid it reanimate its earthly frame,
And give it to resume its vital motion?—
No, no, thou canst not!—Hence, then, with thy
vain

Insidious arts—I will not be deluded.

Brennus. I come not here profusely to expend
A waste of time in fruitless altercation.

Then to the point—Thy husband now no more,
'Thou hast no tie to hold thee from my suit.

Thy father's contract gives thee to my arms;
My right, unalienable but by death.

Yet still I would not wish to use the means
Of harsh constraint, unless I am compell'd
By thy morose and obstinate perverseness.

Eldred's distress sorely thou seem'st to mourn;

He shall be free—this moment I'll release him,

So thou'lt submit thee calmly to the rites

Thy father's wish and my true passion urge.—

Start'st thou?—this instant yield thee to my offer;

Or, by the gods! he dies.—I'll wait no forms;

But instant have him strangled in thy sight.

Eldred. O listen not to his accurs'd proposal!

Stain not, bright innocent, thy spotless bosom

With such a shameful act.—What!—marry him!—

Brennus! the hateful murderer of thy husband—

Nature cries out and shudders at the union.

See, at thy feet an injured father begs

The fate he threatens, sooner than linger here

A wretched life preserv'd by thy undoing.

O let me die a thousand, thousand deaths,

Rather than he, that monster should succeed,

And triumph in his villainy;—for then

Each day, each hour, each moment, were a death

Attended with excruciating torments.—

Edwena. Rise, reverend sire, thy arguments
prevail,

Decide the struggling conflict in my breast

'Twixt filial pity and my tortur'd virtue,

And

And rouse my coward nature to its duty. —
Know then, thou wretch ! that I despise thy threat-
nings.

Here sheathe thy hungry steel — I'll suffer death,
Nay, what is worse than twice ten thousand deaths,
Unshrinking see him breathless — ere I yield
To thy detested, to thy loath'd embraces.

Brennus. I'll put thee to the test — perform your
orders. [*To guards going to seize ELDER.*

Edwena. Hold, ye infernal ministers of death,
You do mistake your office — I'm the criminal ;
I'm the sole object of your master's rage :
On me, on me, turn all your cruelty.

Brennus. No hesitation, slaves ! obey my will.
[*Seize ELDER.*

Elder. O for my liberty and youth ! — Away —
Off, hirelings, off — or you will rouse a flame
Will forge these fetters into edged arms,
To hack ye, slaves ! —

[*Wrests himself from them, and staggers against the
scene.*]

Brennus. Take, then, thy fate from me.

Edwena. O hold thy murdering hand ! —

Brennus. Away, vain woman ;
Consent thee to my wishes, or he falls. —

Elidure. (*Speaking without*) Stand by, ye hellish
guards ! and let me pass :

Who dares resistance, dies — — —

Edwena. What heavenly sound
Accosts my ears ? — — —

Brennus. Secure the inner door. [*Exit Guards.*

Elidure. Assault the portal ; seize those flying
slaves ! — — —

Edwena. Is it his mortal voice, or from above
Comes he to snatch us from the threat'ning grasp
Of cruelty and guilt ! — [*Guard. Elidure returns.*

Elidure. My lord ! young Elidure,
Attended with a band of armed youths,
Is breaking through the gate.

Brennus. Accurs'd the tongue
That tells it.

Edwena.

Edwena. Tyrant! now—now vainly storm,—
Or supplicate thy fellow fiends to aid thee.—

[*Shouts and clasp of swords.*
Hear'st thou those shouts? melodiously they sound—
My husband comes, to shake the deathful blade,
My husband comes!—yes, tremble at the word,
To strike thee nerveless with his forceful arm,
And gleam confusion to thy guilty sight.

Eldred. Break, break, ye crackling hinges! my
old eyes
Will burst with expectation else to see
My boy, my Elidure.

Brennus. That shall not be
On earth: for since I'm taken in the toil,
[*A loud crash as of the bursting of gates.*
I'll have my vengeance ere the hunters seize me.
Die, wretch!— [Offers to kill ELIDURE.]

*Enter ELIDURE, in a rich Saxon dress, who
runs in between ELDRED and BRENNUS.*

Elidure. Hold, hateful monster! hither turn
Thy murd'rous point. This bosom will not shrink.

Brennus. Be thou a man or demon, I'll assail
thee—

Yet, ere we close, give answer to my question;
Art thou an earthly, or immortal being?
For I believ'd thee dead.

Elidure. That I still live,
These firm substantial nerves shall let thee know.
I here arrest thee, traitor; therefore yield thee,
Or thou diest. Such are my sov'reign's orders.

Brennus. Assail'd by odds, and circled thus
around,
Yet fearless will I dare the test. Strike home,
And if I shrink—

Elidure. No words; have at thy heart.
[*Fight.* BRENNUS falls.]

Eldred. Support my son, ye pow'rs—He falls—
he falls—

Brennus. Perfidious chance! disgraceful destiny!
—

Thus

Thus—thus to sink beneath a peasant's stroke!—
 And yet, the veil of prejudice, remov'd,
 My fall is just—I'm caught within the net
 My hand had spread—Excuse it gods! and oh—

[Dies.

Eldred. My boy——

Elidure. My father—my belov'd Edwena.

Edwena. O my surviving love—my dearest husband!

Art thou not hurt? No, no, I clasp, I have thee
 Safe in my arms—But let me view thee well—
 What has befall'n thee?—let me know it all.

Elidure. O my dear love, the story of my fortune

Since I beheld thee last, shall be related
 When better leisure suits—At present this—
 The vile assassins on the cliff o'ertook me.
 The first advancing, heedless of his safety,
 Had felt my vengeance ere his friends arriv'd.
 The odds I combated—Morgan receiv'd
 The death he merited—The other fled;
 And by a faithless lie, receiv'd the wages
 Of a deceitful and deceived villain.

Edwena. But whence this change of dress—
 this strange equipment?

Elidure. Morgan expiring, with a conscious dread,

Confess'd, that he, by Brennus's command,
 Forg'd the foul falsehood of my father's treason:
 For which, in some degree, to make amends,
 He gave me from his bosom a black scroll
 As e'er disgrac'd the pen of wickedness;
 Terms of an hated league and combination
 To sell his country to her mortal foe.
 I bore them to the camp—where I arriv'd
 As the two armies, in battalia rang'd,
 Each other fac'd. A Saxon of vast strength
 Challeng'd the bravest of our hosts—On me
 Our gracious king conferr'd the glorious task;
 I fought, and I subdu'd the haughty braggart.
 His arms and dress, an earnest of rewards,
 You now behold.—The Saxon's death at once

Struck

Struck terror to the enemy, and courage
To our transported ranks.—The victory
Declar'd for Vortimer; who presently
Gave ear to my complainings, and redress'd 'em.
For, well convinc'd of Brennus's defection,
He sent me to heap vengeance on the traitor,
Commander in his room.

Edwena. Great Heav'n, in this
Your justice shines conspicuous; for which,
And all your blessings, my glad heart o'erflows
With wonder and with thanks.

Enter ELIZA.

Eliza. The news I bring
Will damp, I fear, your present glow of fortune.
Lochrine, escaping in the general uproar,
Outstripp'd pursuit; and gaining the round turret
Which fronts the western cliff, threw himself head-
long,

I saw him breathless brought into the house,
And presently made haste to tell it you.

Eldred. I own, my love, your tears are natural
On this occasion. Rest upon my arm.
I will support thee through the road of life,
With the joint duties of a husband's love
And a fond father's care.

Eldred. His wretched fate
I too lament. His crime, I know, proceeded
From the persuasions of that cruel monster:
But he was guilty found, and merited
The rage of the Supreme; who rightfully
Distributes justice to the race of mortals.

For though a while the wicked man may reign,
At Heav'n's indulgence let us not complain.
Its roused vengeance will at length awake,
And righteous wrath the impious overtake.

